An HEROICAL

PANEGYRICK,

Humbly Dedicated to the

Reverend Father in God,

GILBERT,

Lord Biſhop of Salisbury.

By Mrs. *A. M.*

LONDON:

Printed for *Richard Baldwin*, near the *Black Bull* in the *Old-Bailey*. 1689. 19. Dec:

DANEGYRICK

(FIRST.)

An Hiſtorical Panegyrick, &c.

HAIL Reverend Prelate both of Church and State,
Who bravely haſt out-brav'd the Shocks of Fate;
Rome, and her Seniors of the greateſt Fame,
Dread your Applauſe, and Tremble at your Name:
And yet they Court you with a Curling Brow,
Amaz'd they ſtand, and Wonder what you do
To Awe the World, and Charm each Monarch too;
With *Sheba*'s Queen they flock to hear and ſee
The Maxims of Divine Humanitie;
Your Fame's Admir'd, and your Works Ador'd,
By every Senate Worſhip'd as a God;
So ſweet, ſo ſoft's your Stile, Authentick too,
Plato himſelf, is at a loſs in you;
Who dar'ſt pretend to Write your Character?
Not *Dryden*, no; nor all the Muſes dare:
Your Merits are too Great for *Cowley*'s Pen,
And what I aim at, wants a Nobler Strain.
With humble Patience you the Stroke indur'd,
Which Silence, and your Death at once procur'd,
Had not propitious Stars prevented all,
And gave your Doom, a Doomer's fatal Fall;
When forc'd by Malice, from your Country Fled,
And doubly Baniſht, without Fear, or Dread,
You——
Like a Brave Hero ſmil'd the occaſion Dead;
Your Wiſdom manag'd all, yet unconcern'd
You mov'd, as if you never had diſcern'd.
Prophetick *Ruſſel* (Jealous of the Cauſe,
Which almoſt vanquiſht Liberty and Laws)
Were he alive he would your Courage greet,
And Level Trophyes at Your Lordſhip's Feet;
With Tranſports wrapt in Joy how wou'd he raiſe
His Raviſht Notes, in Hecatombs of Praiſe.
The greedy *Lyon* miſſing of his Prey,
How wou'd he Tryumph, in your Halcion Day?
With *Moſes* thou haſt Sacred Wonders Wrought,
And through the Sea, a Conqu'ring Army brought;
At thy Requeſt, the Raging Waves were Calm,
Neptune Obey'd, and Chid each Roaring Storm;
Æolus and the *Tritons* of the Deep,
Huſht into Golden Slumbers, fell aſleep.
Thus by a Strong and Mighty Potent Hand,
You brought 'em ſafe to this Diſtreſſed Land,

Whilſt

Whilſt Hero's ſtrove who ſhou'd the Victor be,
Nought but the Bible won the Victorie;
The Sacred Spell, our Souldiers put to flight,
Their Swords Inchanted, ſilent as the Night
They ſtole away, and darſt not ſtand to fight;
Your Prayers Aſcending to the Imperial Throne
Remov'd your Station, and remov'd the Crown:
Nor can Time's Annals, ever parallel,
What, not long ſince, to Prince, and People fell;
Without Effuſion of their purple Gore,
They flew like Lightning, and were ſeen no more:
The Great, the Small, all in a yielding tone
Pleaded Religion, whilſt their Prince was gone
And in a Wretched Minute quite undone.
Thus by the power of your Magick Art
(Divinely bleſt) you made our Army ſtart;
With a Reſiſtleſs Courage, on you led,
And rais'd your Drooping Honour from the Dead:
Such a Prodigious Wonder, ne'er was heard,
Without a Fight, ſo many Thouſands fear'd:
But 'twas Decreed the Greateſt ſhould be Croſt
A Penſive King, and his Three Kingdoms loſt.
There is no laſting Satisfaction here
The Beſt may hope, and yet at laſt deſpair.
So Wiſely the Magnetick Point you've ſteer'd
Your happy Journey, cou'd not much be fear'd;
Had *Troy*, had ſuch an Angel in the Front,
The Famous City never had been Burnt;
Nor *Carthage* loſt, nor General *Hannibal*
To his diſgrace receiv'd a fatal Fall.
King *Syphax* too, had boldly fill'd his Throne
Thô a Uſurper to the *Curta* Crown.
Bleſt Angels Guarded you to *England's* Shoar,
To Cheriſh Souls, the Bodies of the Poor;
And as you are a Pattern to Mankind,
Three Nations Reſtauration to deſign:
May all your Joyes in perfect Circles move,
To future Ages, and Example prove;
May you encreaſe thoſe Vertues in your Breſt
Which will Illuſtrate, and compleat the reſt;
And may the Mytre flouriſh on your Head
Through Forreign Empires, may your Fame be ſpread:
Immortal Live your Sacred Memory,
And doubly bleſt to all Eternity;
Thus far Excels the Glory of the Juſt,
Their Worthy Actions bloſſom in the Duſt.

FINIS.